



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Bands and Circles of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

Published Every Month.

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### The Missionary Nuts.

How fair are the woods in the ripe Autumn weather!  
 How tempting the nuts as they cover the ground!  
 Now Duncan and Jessie go nutting together,  
 Two bright, happy children as ever were found.  
 Just look at the chestnuts, how plump and inviting,  
 Wee brown satin 'bags, stuffed as full as can be,  
 The hearts of the two busy children delighting,  
 See Duncan and Jessie down under the tree!

But, oh! do you think these are like any others?  
 They're not common nuts, I would have you to know,

For these are to help far off sisters and brothers;  
 For Mission Band money, these nuts are to go.  
 There's no little Band where the children are living,  
 Like the one they belonged to before they came there;

And yet they must always keep on with their giving  
 So the first Mission Circle will still have its share.

Just think how a bushel of nuts will surprise them!  
 For chestnuts don't grow in that town far away,  
 And surely no person will need to advise them  
 To sell them for all that the people will pay.  
 At last, with some help, all the nuts are collected,  
 In Duncan's new wagon the box finds a place,  
 Then Jessie takes hold, as might be expected,  
 And off to the station the little ones race.

How it went on the cars, how papa wrote a letter,  
 How the children rejoiced when the box came to hand,

And sold all the nuts - I believe it is better  
 To leave you to guess, for you all understand.  
 But put on your thinking caps this very minute.  
 Pray, what can you do for your own Mission Band?  
 If you think of some new thing, make haste to begin it,

Or do the old things with a readier hand.  
 --Selected.

--Small service is true service while it lasts;  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew drop from the sun.

--Wor. Isworth.

### A Dialogue on Church Matters.

Two young girls, of Roman Catholic parentage, had been educated together at a convent and become fast friends. They had been separated after leaving school for some time, but meeting at a quiet seaside resort one summer, were delighted at the prospect of a visit of several weeks. One afternoon they had been enjoying a lively conversation in Susie's room, when Aggie, to her astonishment, spied an open Bible lying upon the table.

"Why Susie," said she, "you are not really reading the Bible when you know how strictly that is forbidden by our priests."

Susie.—Is it possible Aggie you have not heard that lately our holy father the Pope has advised all the people to read the Scriptures? In the states they have been permitted to do so for years. You know I have been staying with some of mother's protestant cousins for some months, and while there I read the Bible with them every day, and found it so interesting that I am going to continue the study and try and find the comfort and benefit that they seem to derive from it.

Aggie.—Well, tell me Susie what do the protestants really believe? You know the sisters in the convent used to say that their's was no religion and there never was a protestant before Luther.

Susie.—I remember we were told that and I asked my aunt one day if it was really so. 'Why' said she "my dear child do you not know what the word protestant means? A Protestant is one who protests against the declarations or errors of another. Christ protested against the wickedness of the Scribes and Pharisees and He was a Protestant. Luther protested against the priests in his day and also against the false doctrines which had crept into the church that were not according to Scripture

and from that time all that do so are called protestants." The church of Christ should adhere only to the teaching of Christ and his apostles, whereas our church taught so much that was not enjoined in the Bible. Not one word is mentioned of purgatory, praying to the mother of Christ or the saints, of immaculate conception, keeping of Lent, infallibility of the pope, and several other teachings of our church; all these were introduced hundreds of years after Christ. St. Paul says there were false teachers that forbade the eating of meat and that forbid marriage. He exhorted the bishops and deacons or elders to be each the husband of one wife and bring up their children in the fear of the Lord.

Aggie.—But Susie is there nothing about praying to the Virgin Mary and asking her to intercede for us?

Susie.—No indeed, Jesus said "they that do the will of my Father in Heaven the same is my mother and sister and brother," and when a woman called his mother blessed, he said "yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." He tells us to come to Him for He only has the words of endless life.

Aggie.—And Susie, if He tells us to come to Him is it not wrong to go to some one else as though he was not willing to hear us?

Susie.—You will find that the Virgin Mary is not once mentioned in the Bible after Christ's ascension. The Apostles never speak of her in any of their epistles.

Aggie.—Why, Susie, how you astonish me! Have we not always been taught that ours was the only true church?

Susie.—Yes, dear, I know we have, and perhaps that is the reason the Scriptures were forbidden us for in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel we read, 'as many as received him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' Faith and trust in Jesus alone saves us, if we truly repent of our sins, no matter what church we belong to.

Aggie.—It seems hard to doubt what we have been taught since our infancy. There is one duty, however, I never could get accustomed to, and that is the confessional, and I have often wondered if God required us to confess to a priest.

Susie.—Well, I have read the Bible about through and I cannot see anything of it, and Auntie tells me it was not enjoined as a duty by the church till after the 12th century.

Aggie.—Where can you find the dates of the introduction of these doctrines into the church? I should like to read for myself.

Susie.—Auntie read some of them to me from some church history, but you can get a little book called 'Why are we Protestants?' from room 20 in the Wesley Buildings, in Toronto, for five cents, which will tell you all about them.

Aggie.—Please get one for me, will you, Susie? And you have aroused my interest in the Bible so completely I will get one and study that, too.

Montreal.

C. R.

### Sacra Santa, (Holy Stairs.)

[As there is an interesting extract from a letter from Rome this month in Cousin Joy's Corner we think it will add to the interest to give a small portion of an extract published by another traveller. The part relating to Luther is especially good.]

Lest some faithful friend of the Pope should say that Protestants misrepresent the teachings of the Romish Church, we will add the following testimony direct from headquarters. At the foot of this very stairs thousands of travellers have seen a monk or priest selling a little pamphlet, purporting to give its history and merits. We quote carefully from this pamphlet—"One of the most sacred remembrances of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ is certainly the Holy Stairs, mounted so many times by our Divine Redeemer and sanctified by His precious blood. These stairs, brought from Jerusalem to Rome about the year 326, have been much frequented by both sexes of every class, who mount the steps on their knees. To engage Christians to accomplish this act of devotion, so precious and useful to the soul of the devout, St. Leo IV, granted nine years of indulgences for each of the twenty-eight steps of the aforesaid Holy Stairs, when mounted on the knee, with a contrite heart, praying or meditating on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Midway up those holy stairs is a spot that marks a grand turning point in this world's history. A little over three and a half centuries ago, if you had stood at the foot of the steps you would have seen a poor, penitent, humble young friar, who toiled up for the good of his soul. With tears and prayers he slowly climbs the sacred staircase. Look at him, and see if you know him now. Aye, all the world knows him now, for did not all the Christian world celebrate his birth a few months ago? That is the boy who sung for his breakfast in the streets of Eisenach. That is the miner's son of little Eisleben, the student of Erfurt, the Augustine monk of Wittenburg, the prisoner of Wartburg Castle. That is the valiant man of God whose words soon afterwards shook all Europe; that stout hearted hero that the bulls of Popes could not frighten nor the gold of Emperors bribe. Toiling up Pilate's stair case on his knees, as millions have done since, suddenly he stops. Light from the unseen world breaks in upon his soul. In a still small voice which his fellow pilgrims hear not, he hears a message from Heaven, "The just shall live by faith." He springs to his feet, turns around, and turns the world around. On the Scala Santa in Rome was the dawn of the great reformation.

## HYMN.

Tune.—Talent. Laudes Domini.

God entrusts to all  
Talents few or many,  
None so young or small  
That they have not any.  
Tho' the great and wise  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my one I prize,  
And I must not slumber.

Little drops of rain  
Bring the spruiging flowers,  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.  
Every little mite,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given?  
God entrusts to all  
Talents few or many,  
None so young or small  
That they have not any!

## Field Study for November.

THANKSGIVING, CONFESSON, INCREASE OF  
KNOWLEDGE AND OF LIBERALITY.

2 COR. IX. : 8, 11, 15.

This is the very time of year when thanksgiving fills the air. The ingathering of the fruits of the earth reminds us of our Father's goodness to us as a people. He has been mindful of the sowing and planting done in the early spring, and He has given us the glorious sunshine and the timely showers of rain, each to help in the growth and ripening of the harvest. And so, as we think of our many mercies, our hearts are full of praise to the Giver of all good. There is so much to be thankful for. I cannot believe that there is one of our many Mission Band girls, who is so poor, that she has no cause for thankfulness. God may not give us all riches of the same kind, but He always gives us riches of some kind; often she who is called the poorest girl is rich in a larger, better way than the girl whose father owns his millions.

But now comes the question, are we grateful? If so, how are we going to show forth our gratitude? I like the idea of thanksgiving and confession going together. It is a looking at God's side, and then with hearts filled with shame looking at our side, and regretting the smallness and unfaithfulness of our lives. And that makes us think of the text which stands with our subject for prayer. If God is willing and able to make all grace abound

to us, shall not we, having all sufficiency in everything, "abound unto every good work?" I wonder what that might mean, if it were worked out in each of our lives during the next year. Some one will say—"we would have more money in our mite boxes." No doubt we should, and more than that we would have better attendance at our meetings, and everyone more willing to do her share in making the meeting helpful. I am sure there would be more voices raised in prayer. And the "good work" would abound during the month or fortnight between our meeting together. Many of us need to abound in knowledge. Just as surely as we increase our knowledge of work done by Missionaries, and are more fully alive to their needs and difficulties, even so will our desire to bring greater gifts increase. Let us aim to gain information and to give it, and we would all do well to follow the example of "Jean" of whom we read in our last paper, and he determined to find some way of getting honest money for our treasury. We never can be so rich in our liberality that our gifts shall measure up to that great gift which God gave to us in His only son, but we can all do our best and angels could not do more. H. S. S.

## Questions for November.

- Why does this time of the year remind us of God's goodness to us as a people?
- What has God done toward the harvest?
- How do we feel when we think of it?
- Have we anything to be thankful for?
- In what way can a poor girl be rich?
- What important question comes now?
- Why is the idea of thanksgiving and confession together a good one?
- What is the text for this month?
- If that were worked out in our lives next year, what would be the first result?
- The second result?
- Fourth and fifth?
- What do we need?
- Will you tell us what that knowledge is that we need and what it will do for us?
- What must we aim to do?
- In what should we follow Jean's example?
- How much can we do?

## Words of Cheer for Weary Workers

"It is raining, little flower  
Be glad of rain.  
Too much sun would wither thee,  
T'will shine again,  
The sky is very black, 'tis true,  
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?  
Be glad again;  
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,  
As flowers in rain.  
God watches, and thou wilt have sun  
When clouds their weary work have done."

# Palm Branch.

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OCTOBER, 1894.

Our prayer subjects this month are "French Canadian civilization—the work of the Institute, day schools and Bible women in Montreal." Most important subjects, relating as they do to evils in our own land and the methods employed with God's help to put them down. We who love our country and long to see it prosper in the very best sense of the word know it is impossible while such evils exist, while such a large part of the population does not enjoy what we prize, or ought to prize more than anything else in the world, religious liberty. We rejoice that so much is being done to bring about a better state of things. So let us pray with all our hearts that the entrance of God's word may give light, as He says it will. There is so much in our paper this month on this subject that it is not necessary for us to say more, but we will give a portion of Madame Dalpe's very excellent and comprehensive address read before our last Branch Meeting. It is especially interesting and effective because written by one who has lived most of her life in the midst of these evils and knows well where of she speaks.

## French Missions.

BY MADAME DALPE.

One cannot have lived amongst the Roman Catholics without wishing with all their hearts to see them freed from their yoke of superstition and idolatry. There are 1,171,000 French in the Province of Quebec and of the latter only 10,000 are Protestants. Think of 1,161,000 persons not allowed to think for themselves, taught to believe that by a few words, the priest is able to turn a little piece of dough, called the wafer, into the body, blood and divinity of our Saviour; obliged to pay to the

Virgin and take her as the mediator between God and man, when St. Paul says: "There is only one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Time will only permit me to mention some of their errors, such as supremacy of the pope—the invocation of saints—the power of the priest to forgive sins—the sale of pardons and indulgences. But suppose they had only the error of believing that after death they are going to burn in the fires of purgatory, would you not do all in your power to give them the blessed hope we have of falling asleep in Jesus to rise victorious on resurrection day? To make them know that we cannot earn heaven? If you could witness the joy of those who leave the church of Rome to come to the light, it would stimulate you to greater zeal in this noble cause. They devour the Gospel so to speak, they read it, they memorize it, they defend it with a zeal that silences the enemies of the truth. I have often heard my father say, that my grand parents would sit up part of nights to read a new testament that had been given them!

If you visit the Province of Quebec you will see that the greater part of the wealth is in the hands of the clergy. They build magnificent churches, while all around are as a rule, small houses in which live a people who have hard work to make a living. In one of the Roman Catholic churches in Montreal there is a picture representing purgatory as a great sea of flames, in which millions are writhing in agony; some have parts of their bodies and others only their heads out, thus intimating that more prayers need to be said to get them out entirely. You can imagine the effect such a picture would have upon the people. It would make them give money, no matter how poor they are, to get their loved ones out of suffering. The last time I was at home a poor, old woman came and asked me write a letter to her two sons in the States, to tell them that their father was dead and ask them to send money to have prayers said to get his soul out of purgatory. I said to her "Madame if I were the priest and I believed I could take your husband's soul out of purgatory, I should not wait until you went to the States and got the money, I would pray, pray night and day to get him out of suffering!"

From tithes, taxes, pew rents, fees for sacraments, masses for the dead, the Roman Catholic clergy in the city of Quebec receives the immense sum of \$8,000,000 per annum! At the opening of St. Peter's cathedral among other things, a ticket for heaven was sold for 25cts! To bring about a better state of things you must educate the people to think for themselves and you can by establishing colleges and day schools, and sending out col-

porteurs and Bible women to work among them. Friends take courage, there is a great work going on in the Province of Quebec; people are becoming enlightened. Where Protestants were mobbed a few years ago for preaching the doctrines of the Bible they are now welcomed by the people. Reforms are being made among themselves—such as the right of supervising education in convents and monasteries; they ask that all teachers receiving gov. grants shall have diplomas! It is a fact that thousands of copies of our Bible have been distributed among Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec; no less than 2000 copies having been sold by one woman in Montreal during the past four years. The late Rev. L. N. Beandry was the means of bringing some 3000 persons to the knowledge of the truth. Take courage friends—do all in your power to help on this grand work, knowing that they who turn many to the Lord shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

### Which Loved Most?

FLORENCE M. YORKE.

In a beautiful address to the convention of King's Daughters in Toronto, last winter, Miss Davis, of New York, told a little story, which I would like to repeat as well as I can remember it, for the enjoyment of those who may not have heard it. Miss Davis had been speaking of the different lines of work adopted by the Order, and also the different motives which prompted the Daughters to give and to work in His name. She said that at headquarters it was the duty of several to read, arrange and appropriate to their best uses, the contents of letter, parcel, etc., which lay in heaps every morning on long tables, in a room used for such purposes. It is a long and tedious task sometimes, but often they are well repaid by the sweet lessons unconsciously taught, and the comfort given, by these messages from all over the continent.

One morning Miss Davis picked up a letter lying nearest her, and found it to be one of the most piteous she had ever read. The writer was plunged in darkness and almost despair. The clouds which had been gathering heavily in the sky of her life, had suddenly overpowered the blue, shutting out all the sunshine and leaving only the shadows dense and dark. There was not a ray of light anywhere, she said. The singing birds of hope had hushed their songs. In blind despair she clung to her faith, trusting God's Hand to uphold her, but waves and billows seemed to have swopt over her. From the depths of this Egypt-

tian darkness, she thought of those even less fortunate, who had the added burden of poverty to contend with. So, that some shadowed life might receive a little ray of hope and comfort, she enclosed—seventy five dollars! With sympathetic sigh the reader laid the letter down. A touch of gloom was upon her heart as she opened the next. Did chance place those two side by side?

The second was from a young girl who had never known a sorrow in her life. Not a cloud was in the sky, but the halo of love and gladness surrounded her, making her whole life blessed. From the home of loving parents she was soon to step into one still dearer, shared by the one whom she had chosen out of the whole world. That others might know a little of the happiness which made this world an Eden for her, she enclosed—seventy five dollars! The reader smiled as she laid the letter down with a loving pat, then turned to a box coming the next in order. It was securely tied, and stuffed full of newspapers to protect something in the centre. During the process of unpacking others gathered around. What could it be to need such care? Something very precious surely! At last they came upon a small roll carefully wrapped, which they found to be a china toy lamb, such as one could buy almost anywhere for twenty cents or less, and broken in two in the middle. The pieces were held together by a strip of paper, upon which was printed by a baby hand in uncertain capitals these words "My dear lambe for some 'ittle dirl to play wiz." That was all, no name was attached, but the hearts of the readers went out in blessing to the tiny Princess, as did no doubt the heart of the King himself. Out of her nursery treasures the baby had given the best, and who shall say which gift was the fairest in the sight of our King!

To many of us as Mission Circle members may sometimes come the discouraging thought, "After all there is so little I can do." It may be we are so situated that we cannot give the cause we so dearly love much financial aid, or even the gift of time, and yet if we, from narrowed lives and straightened circumstances, bring our best, who will dare limit the power of the King to magnify our meagre offering into a gift so bountiful and wide-reaching that only Eternity will unveil its vast territory of usefulness. Then let us not despise the day of small things. It may not be for us to man the life-boats, yet perhaps, we can seize the speaking trumpet and send out a word of cheer to the tempest tossed. Or it may be for us to simply "keep the lower lights burning" steadily along the shore. If not even this, can we not spare from among our heart treasures something that may bring into the life of "one of the lowest of these" now in heathendom, a single ray of brightness.

Colorado Springs, W. S., April, 1894.



city of Romulus and in several places large portions of his wall 753 B. C., may still be seen in wonderful preservation. The palace ruins were very interesting, but what struck me most was an altar, built of travertine, with an ancient inscription of 390 B. C., showing that it had been dedicated to an "unknown God," who had foretold an invasion of the Gauls.

On Sunday we went, in the morning, to a Methodist Episcopal Italian church, but it was such an effort to try to follow the Italian that we did not get as much good as might have been expected. In the afternoon we went out to St. John Lateran, which we liked. Quite near is a building containing the Scala Santa, and this impressed me very much. The stairs, 28 steps, were brought from Pilate's house by the Empress Helena. As the front door opens you see in front of you the Scala Santa, with white marble statues of Christ in the garden at either side,—one with the kiss of Judas. The steps themselves are of white marble covered with wood, but plainly visible,—some of them worn down to a great hollow. Here and there in the steps are pieces of glass let into the wood over the blood stains of His feet. These the devout kiss as they painfully ascend the steps on their knees. Each step secures them a nine years' indulgence, or helps their friends out of purgatory. At the top is a chapel, where they were celebrating mass. The whole thing was very touching to me.

But I must not weary you. This little Alpine rosebud came from the Rigi, and the maidenhair from the Palace of the Caesars, on the Palatine.

M. M. N.

### Child Life in Japan.

Not long ago I sent to a little girl and boy at home, two of the pretty paper balloons that the Japanese children play with here in the spring time, and wrote them at the same time about the bright-colored kites in the shape of birds and fishes, etc., that were then flying about on every side whenever we went out on the streets. The paper balloons cost only a cent or two a piece, while the kites can be bought for half a cent and upwards. I spoke of the little that they cost when I was writing but did not think more about it. When an answer came to my letter, however, a few weeks afterwards, there was one sentence that set me thinking. After thanking me for the balloons, and telling me what fun they had playing with them, they said: "We think it would be lovely to live in Japan, and that the little Japan-

ese boys and girls must be the happiest children in the world, with so many beautiful toys to play with." When I read that I said to myself: "If that is all the children at home know of the life of a child in Japan, it is my fault for telling them only one side of the story." So as I have been asked to write the girls and boys in our Mission Bands something about the children here, I want to tell you first some reasons why Canadian children should be glad that they live in Canada and not in Japan.

The children here do have plenty of toys to play with it is true, but you would very soon tire of them, for it is their bright coloring only that makes them attractive. They are made mostly from paper or from very poor material so that they are soon broken or torn, and though the cost would seem very small to you, it means much more to the children here, for their parents, many of them, work hard all day to earn ten or fifteen cents, so that if a child has a half cent to spend on a toy he is rich indeed. We have children in our poor schools here who are glad to come and work all day at making match boxes, to earn from one half cent to two cents a day, and the little food they can buy with this money is often all they get to eat, though it is not enough to satisfy their hunger or keep them healthy.

It is among children like this that we have our poor schools and orphanage, in which they are helped to make a better living for themselves, besides being taught about Christianity and the one true God. But I imagine I hear some of you saying: "But that is only the very poor children who have such a hard time as that." Yes, it is true that those whose parents are not poor do not suffer in that way, but there are so many in Japan who are poor, that we cannot but think and write most about them. But even the children of wealthy parents in this country lose much from their lives that even the poorest children in America have to help them to be happy and good.

Have you ever thought what it would be to live in a country where there is no Sunday—no Christmas—no Eastertide, with its beautiful story of Christ's resurrection, with all the precious meaning that it has for us? Where there is not even a Saturday night as an end to the week, but where work goes on from day to day with no rest to mark one week from another. No Bible, no churches, no Sunday schools to go to, for though there are plenty of temples and very many gods of all sizes and kinds, yet the "God of gods" is not among them.

Some other time I want to tell you what the children here are taught about the gods that they serve, and also to tell you of the brightness and hope that come into their lives, when Mission Churches, Sunday schools and other schools are opened among them, so that you may see how much good the money you are helping to raise at home, is doing here.

V.

Kanazawa.

### How Betsy Baker earned her money for the Mite-box.

M. E. EVANS.

It was a cool evenin' in July, and I was a-settin' out in the porch a-thinkin' about the first miss'ary meetin' I hed attended that arternoon. As I hed been gettin' the dinner ready in the mornin', a purty lookin' young lady hed cum up ter the door. She give me a good mornin' and said she had jest cum to see ef I would go ter a miss'ary meetin' in the arternoon. I thought about it all the time I was gettin' dinner, an when my ole man cum in I jest told him what she said, an he told me fer to go, so I went.

'Twas a real nice meetin', the lady what hed cum in the mornin' was there and said she was very glad to see me. They talked about the Chinees and Injuns, and then a lady got up an said a piece about givin' all we could ter the heathen people, who were a-cryin' fer help acrost the sea, an how we ought to pray fer them and fer the people what went out ter help them! Wal I never hed heard of it talked about in that way afore. I allus thought it was the heathens own fault they worshipped gods and all that, I thought they knew how to be good but didn't want ter. But that meetin' jest cleared my mind, jest one bit, it did." Then another lady got up and read about the poor young widders in Indy, and the tears jest rolled down me face as I thought of 'ow I hed been a livin' in comfort without onct a-thinkin of them worse off nor meself. An afore I cum away I asked the lady ter giv' me one o' them boxes, what she said was fer puttin' money in fer the heathen. And how ter fill that are leetle blue box is what I've been a-thinkin' of! We aint got much money to spare, least ways we got enough to live comfortable like, but not much ter give away. So if I was to give anything I would hev to earn somethin' extry, or else do without somethin' that I hed. I went to bed arly like that night, an afore I went to sleep I hed a way fixed so as to git the money for me mite box. The nex' mornin' I was up by five, an afore I went downstairs I didn't forgit to pray fer the heathens nuther. I hed jest got the fire lit and the kittle sot on to bile when a leetle boy cum up ter the door. "The cows in the barn, mum, an I've cum fer the milk pail." "Well Bobby here it is" says I "an afore ye goes home cum in fer a minute." Little Bobby Ellis was the boy what fetched my cow from the pastur' every mornin' an night and milked her. We kep her in a pastur' jest back of the village, with some other cows be-

longin' to our neighbors. I was awful afeerd of a cow; even if I went into the stall ter feed our own gentle Jersey, I felt ruder skeered like. But fer the sake o'them poor heathen widders an the others, Chinees, Injuns, Jappys and all, I was a-goin' out arter me own cow every mornin' an night, among all the rest, and what was more I was a-goin' to milk her. An I think them people ought to be purty thankful, dont you? I was jest puttin' breakfast on the table when Bobby came in. "Now Bobby" says I "you've ben a good boy all the time you've been with me, an I know you spent yer money fer your mother, mostly, but thar's poor heathen worse off nor you by a long bit," says I "an I'm a-goin' after me own cow an milk her an give the money ter them heathen. So ye kin jest cum on Sunday an I'll giv' ye 15 (fifteen) cents!" I gave him 10 (ten) cents every week day and that would be 60 (sixty) cents a week fer me box.

So I lit the fire and sot the table, an then takin' up a swich, I started off for me cow. When I got to the bars I saw a lot of other cows there, but no sign of our Dolly (afterward I found she had a kind of hankerin arter solitude an meditatatin' and would wander off by herself.) Now thinks I to meself, them cows is very sassy like standin' there a-chewin' right afore my face. I got so kinder exasperate standin' thar a lookin' at those impertinent cows, that I says ter meself says I, ef yer a-goin arter that cow, go, and dont stand here foolin' away yer time." So a quakin inwardly I let down one bar and crawled through. The cows hed begun to eat again and didnt seem ter notice me so I didn't feel so awfully skeered. "Now" says I, "I'm a-goin to walk right past them cows, I'll jest keep a-thinkin' ef those widders and heathens So I went a passed them a-sayin' to meself all the time—

"Think of the heathen who to wooden idols bow  
And Betsy Baker go right arter your cow."  
I reckbn its wonderful how people's thoughts carry them along. The next thing I knowed there was I standin' alone side of Dolly. I drove her home an tied her up in the stall and give her some hay, an I didn't feel much skeered either. I went in an got the pail and stool an begun to milk her, an I got along real splendid. She must a knowed I was a milken her for the heathens, cause she only slapped her tail onct, it made me kinder skeered but I kep a sayin' to meself,

"Remember the widders and the poor Chinees,  
Remember the Injuns and the Japanees."  
And every night and mornin' since then, exceptin' Sunday, I've drove Dolly home and milked her, and every week I've put 60 (sixty) cents in my mite box. Hampton.